

THE Bloomfield Record.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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Public Ownership.

The action at the annual town meeting enlarging the Citizen's Committee on Water and Light to thirty, and voting an appropriation for the incidental expenses of that committee, while not committing the township to the project of municipal ownership, would seem to pave the way in that direction.

The make-up of the Committee, as now enlarged, will be found printed elsewhere. If we may be permitted to criticize freely the Chairman's selection of the Committee, in expression of the views, not only of the active working members of the original committee, but also of the views of the citizens of Bloomfield, we will say that it seems to have taken greater pains to please the legal fraternity and the party politicians of the town than the tax-paying and tax-paying people of the town. He has certainly made some very excellent appointments of honorable men, fit in every way to represent the people—we give him credit for that—but he has also made one or two appointments of men totally unfit to represent anybody or anything but selfish misgovernment.

Taking this Water and Light Committee as a whole, the question comes up: What will they do? The resolution by virtue of which they are appointed gives the necessary light on this point. It reads as follows:

"Resolved, That a Committee of thirty, including the present committee, composed of both political parties, be appointed by the Chair to investigate the expediency of Town Ownership of Water and Light plants; that it is also the sense of this meeting that no new contracts be made with the Water and Gas Companies for more than one year; that this Committee be empowered to call the citizens together to act upon reports of such investigation, the Town Committee to call a special election to act upon recommendations if the plan is considered feasible."

The duty of this Committee is to investigate the expediency of Town Ownership of Water and Light plants, and to make a report thereon to a future meeting of the citizens. It is to be hoped that this investigation will not consume much time. A majority and possibly a minority report should be made very soon, and in behalf of a long suffering public we urge it upon those of the Committee who are convinced of the necessity of reform in Bloomfield, by which we shall have more to show for the big taxes we are paying than we have had in the past ten or twelve years, to compel the Committee to make a speedy report.

While the new Committee are discussing the feasibility of ownership by the town, and where to obtain water in such abundance that there will be no danger of a lack of supply, there is another question that runs right alongside of it. Reference has already been made to it in The Record, and it has led men who voted against the project heretofore to change their minds now, and that is the question of incorporation. We have got to look it squarely in the face and determine upon the best plan for accomplishing it, whether it shall be as a city or as a borough. The object of this paper is to lead thought up to the subject, knowing that our citizens are capable of deciding what shall be for the best interests of the township.

Public Ownership Notes.

The Committee on street lights of the city of Everett, Mass., have reported in favor of a municipal electric light plant. The report shows that the present annual cost for lighting the city is \$18,000, and it is estimated that if a \$10,000 plant was established, the same number of lights could be maintained at a cost of \$9,338.43 thus effecting a saving to the city of \$8,661.57 per year.

The Progressive Era (Minneapolis): It is very encouraging to note the growth of public sentiment in favor of the government ownership and operation of the telephone and telegraph. Philadelphia recently, through both branches of its city government, petitioned Congress in behalf of this principle and policy. It is well known that throughout the republic a very large proportion of the people favor the government ownership of these two great monopolies. It is also encouraging that the advocates of this policy are among the most intelligent citizens of our nation.

Just sit down by your fireside and ask yourselves why should not the government control the telegraph, the telephone, the railroad as well as the post office. Think of all the objections you can, and then think of all the benefits you can and compare them. You have seen the good effects arising from the control of the navy, while you have not thought of the benefits on the same principle that might arise from the others."

Political Notes.

General apathy over-awed and discouraged by Gerrymander allowed the Democrats to have everything their own way in Newark on Tuesday. Bloomfielders, who are desirous of being absorbed by the great big new town Newark, should consider to what estate they will succeed when the absorption takes place and then consider how they have anything to do with the question.

That Mr. Cowan has been elected President, but as the returns are slowly coming in we are unable to give the total figures. The Democrats have not made very much headway in capturing the township of Bloomfield. When they had on the shelf Edwin A. Rayner, who served with ability in the Town Committee, they made progress backwards like a crab.

C. L. Vaughan, the Overseer of the Poor, is rapidly recovering. The best dose of medicine he had was the large majority received on election day.

Does Farming Pay?

It pays the road that hauls the grain. It pays the store that keeps from rain. It pays the agents when they sell. It pays insurance very well. It pays the banks that make the loans. It pays the mortgagee who takes the property. It pays the merchant all his time. It pays the tax, federal and states. It pays the trustee to keep up taxes. It pays every body so grand. Except the man who farms the land.

ONE OF MRS. CUSTER'S TRIPS ON HORSEBACK IN A BLIZZARD.

Several Noted Women Who Take Much Pleasure and Exercise in Horseback Riding—A Southern Rider—Miss Jordan's Riding Outfit.

The privilege of horseback riding was one not generally accorded to women until within our grandmother's time, and it is not until our own day that the canons of propriety dictate the liberty of a woman riding without an escort.

This custom has made it impossible, speaking generally, for women to have been accomplished in the art of riding, although there have been a few like the famous maid of Brezeng, Joan of Arc and the marchioness of Eglar, who have saved nations by their daring horsemanship.

Much has been said about women—that she is jaded, wavering and sentimental—but her worst enemy gives her the powers of endurance, instinct and courage. These are just the qualities which go to make a perfect rider. French women as a rule do not take to riding, they prefer driving and less fatiguing sports. But the German, Russian, English and American women seen as though born to the saddle when once they are initiated into its mysteries and pleasures.

The empress of Germany sits a saddle like an amazon and rides a horse but few men dare mount. She appears on gala occasions by her husband's side and looks ever fresh—what she is—the wife of a ruler and the daughter of a queen.

In London the Princess of Wales' daughters are fair riders and have covered much ground, while Princess Mary of Teck is far famed for her skill as a horsewoman. In America, or to be more local, in New York, there lives one woman who has eclipsed all her nineteenth century sisters in horsemanship, for to her it was a necessity, not a luxury. She is Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, the wife of the late celebrated general.

Mrs. Custer is not a many words woman, but she is a woman of many virtues on the frontier, and who died valiantly fighting for his country. Mrs. Custer leads a very quiet, uneventful, peaceful life in her home upon Lexington avenue, with only a few months' lecturing tour and an occasional trip abroad to break the monotony.

After her stirring life upon the frontier one wonders that over such domestic life she suffers. She has eaten breakfast, dinner and tea to the tattoo of a drum and the war whoop of Indians. She has lived in the saddle for months at a time. She has traveled over all the broad western states in their crudest and most primitive condition, and proven the statement that women can stand hardship as well as men.

Mrs. Custer is of the opinion that women, when the occasion calls for it, manage horses with more judgment than men. She thinks that some of the sensitiveness of the rider permeates the animal's intelligence, and he realizes that he has a precious burden in his care. This she says, a woman is so much lighter on a horse, and so very lithe, swaying and moving in harmony with the animal, whereas a man weighs down heavily upon the back, and from his very carriage necessitates a treacherous load.

"The Indian woman," remarked Mrs. Custer, "ride like beings of supernatural lineage, their lives, spirit and muscular elasticity." A famous ride of Mrs. Custer was made through the snowdrifts of North Dakota, where she was the life of the party and prepared the scant amount of food in a delicate, appetizing way, as only a woman could. Any one who knows ought of a Dakota snowstorm is aware of the peril. Custer party were in—nailed and miles from a station and with no means of making known their distress. The snow, ice and sleigh piled round them like ungodly monuments anxious to bury them beneath their huge bases and leave only the howling winds to tell the story.

Hours and days passed without a sign of the storm's abatement. The skies took on the deathly color of sorrowful gray and the low cries of animals in pain rent the air. Yet through all this uncanny, terrible time the brave woman lay wrapped in her blankets telling simple, interesting tales in a charming way and keeping the anxious minds from thoughts of hunger and of death from the bitter cold.

Mrs. E. S. Beach, teacher of riding at the New York riding school, is one of the most graceful and robust of the New York equestriennes. She first became acquainted with a horse when a girl of 5. She has made that noble beast her friend ever since. She spends 10 hours a day in the saddle and declares that she does not know the meaning of the words ache and pain.

"My longest ride was through the big tree district in California," replied Mrs. Beach to a question put to her in regard to long rides. "I was in the saddle for several weeks steadily and rode over much rough country." Elizabeth Jordan, the talented writer, spent over a month on horseback in the mountains of Virginia and Tennessee. She started out with a long riding habit and all sorts of fashionable paraphernalia, but gradually disposed of these accessories and came down to a short gown and a gipsy cap.

"The greatest trouble I found about riding in the southern mountains," she said, "was that the distances between towns was too great, and the darkness came over the paths too quickly. I enjoyed every moment of my trip and studied the character of the people with interest and curiosity."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Chinese Children.

Kind ladies stop before the children in the street in Chinatown, says a San Francisco paper, chuck them under the chin and then the youngsters talk back in Chinese as they go flying from the doors and back into the alley. The first ambition of the very young Chinese boys these days is to handle firecrackers and burning punk.

At from 10 to 12 years of age the girls begin to think of their thoughts to dress, and to gradually drift away from the joys of childhood. The boys remain children much longer. From 12 to 16 they are not content with firing anything less than a pack of crackers at a time.



The American toy balloon is a thing that appeals to the childish Chinese fancy, and the vendors do a big business. Little wagons are occasionally seen, and yesterday one boy had an automatic tin horse that ran on the sidewalk whenever the owner could find room for it.

In their enjoyments the children of the Chinese are about like any other children. They have few sports in the local settlement to amuse themselves with, but they get as much satisfaction out of whatever comes in their way as anybody could.

A Bird That Lives on the Water.

"Little Peter" is the real name of the petrel or bird that lives on the sea. The harder the storm the better he likes it, and the more noise the sea makes the louder he cries. The sailors, who are all so jolly, never like to meet a petrel. They are so dismal in their coal black coats, and seamen think they bring them ill luck too. You could not guess how the petrel sleeps. He first makes of himself a feather ball and sits on the water, just as your canary does on his perch.

Why doesn't he sink? Because his feathers are so oily he can't. These birds grow so fat that to the poor islanders in very cold countries they are invaluable. After they are dead a wick is drawn through their bodies and set on fire, and they can hardly believe how well this queer kind of lantern lights up the night.

The petrel never goes on shore except to build her nest, which is hidden snugly away between rocks or in the sand. There she lays her one egg and brings up her baby. All day the petrel lives on the water, but she never forgets at night to feed it. Sometimes they are called "Mother Carey's chickens." If you go across the water, you may see them some day—Montreal Star.

Miss Muffet the Third. Little Miss Muffet of old, She "set on a tuft," they say; But little Miss Muffet the second or third Is always dancing and gay And out for a holiday!

Little Miss Muffet of old, Was as big as her curds and her whey; Miss Muffet the third is eating bonbons, Sweet as the honey bees say When on for a holiday!

Little Miss Muffet of old, Was frightened by Spider, the grim; But little Miss Muffet the second or third Baked him away in a tin!

Now which would you rather be? The first or the second or third? Ah, "on a tuft" is quite out of style, Indeed 'tis very absurd! I'd be Miss Muffet the third and the gay And out for a holiday!

—Housekeeper. Bright Little Walter. One bright morning Walter, who is a very wise little fellow, and his auntie were sitting out on the cool porch, and Walter was trying to explain to her the difference between a hill-pat and a pygmy.

"You know, auntie," said he, "that both pygmies and hill-pats are little of people. All hill-pats are pygmies, but all pygmies are not hill-pats." "Why, how can that be?" said auntie, pretending not to understand and trying to test the little fellow, who thought for a few moments, and then looking up with a bright smile said, "Well, auntie, you know a pig is a pig, but all pigs are not ships." His auntie thought he was a very bright little boy to make such a clear explanation, as he was only 5 years old.—Youth's Companion.

A Warning to Parents. Mr. Figg (impressively)—Here is an account in the paper of one more boy who went into the river on Sunday and got drowned.

Tommy—I spect his folks kept him so busy through the week going to school and running errands that he didn't have no chance to learn to swim.—Exchange.

Tobogganing in Canada. The popular winter sport in Canada is tobogganing, and the "grownpups" as well as the children indulge in the exhilarating exercise which the Chinaman described as "Swish! swish! Walkee back a mile."

A toboggan is a light sledge made of wood, usually 5 or 6 feet long, very much wider in the shape of the blade of a Dutch skatie, except that it is about 30 inches wide. On this perch one, two or three people, the front ones squatting, the back one trailing his feet to steer the toboggan in case it gives signs of leaving the track. If there is only one, he lies prone on the toboggan. The start is very steep, not far short of perpendicular, so as to give the proper impetus.

Of course there are smaller toboggans for the use of small boys and girls—such as the one shown in the accompanying illustration. Wrapped up good and warm, the children are enjoying their ride down a long slope.

Preparing Potato Seed. If the eye of the potato is allowed to grow in a warm, dark place, it quickly saps all the vigor from the shoot and also from the tuber. The slender white shoot is good for nothing to begin a healthy growth, and it has taken so much of the substance of the potato that it is valueless for seed or for eating. Exposure to the sunlight and drying winds, however, makes the seed better, according to the American Cultivator, authority for the following: "Put the potatoes in a light, cool room, but one that will not freeze. The slower the green shoot pushes and the more the potato dries out the stronger will be its subsequent growth. It also makes a great difference in earliness. Some market gardeners who have learned this secret always get early potatoes in market before their neighbors. They often cut the seed and spread it thickly so that it may dry out more than uncut seed and become more thoroughly greened. A sunburned potato utterly unfit for eating makes, because of that fact, all the better seed."

A Measure Factory.

A correspondent, writing to The Country Gentleman, tells how to start a measure factory on a run down farm. Get a pig and build a pen for him with a yard attached, and into this yard is cast every refuse from the gardens, seaweeds, soda from the fence corners or anything obtainable, and all is worked over by his pigship. This put on the soil, enables the gardener to grow twice as much truck as he could without the aid of a pig. Soon the pen is enlarged to accommodate two pigs, and more truck is grown, until after a little a cow is bought, and then more pigs are added.

Worth Knowing. The Ponderosa tomato is remarkable for its large, smooth fruit. A new sweet corn is introduced under the name Country Gentleman.

The Black Lima is a black, mottled seeded pole bean, for which big claims are made. Progressive farmers practice a rotation of crops.

Concentrated fertilizers and green manuring go well together. The variety of white oats known as the Clydeale is early and productive.

The American Bronze, a bald wheat, it is claimed, is especially adapted to sandy and poor soil.

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